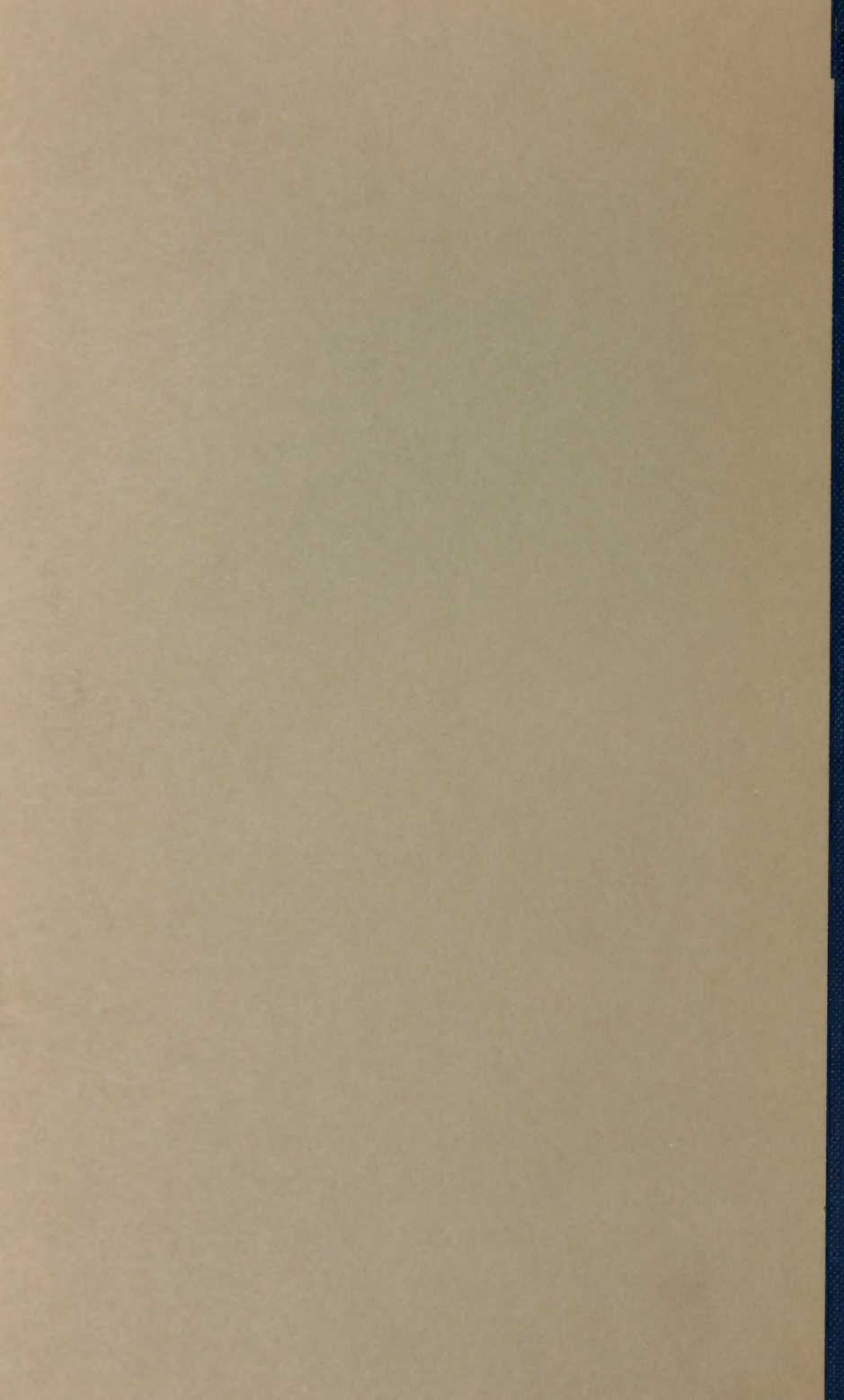



Fraser, Donald Andrew,
1875-
The Three Kings,




THE THREE KINGS

 *and other Verses
for Children*



by
Donald A. Fraser





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The THREE KINGS

AND OTHER VERSES
FOR CHILDREN

Yours Sincerely.

Donald A. Fraser.

BY

DONALD A. FRASER

Tonia, B. C.,

July 19, 1928.

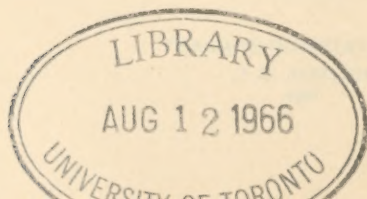


CUSACK PRINTING COMPANY
VICTORIA, B. C.
1922



THE NATIVITY

—Gustave Dore



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Christmas

A little town set peacefully
 Upon a verdant hill;
 Above, a single radiant star
 Illumes the midnight still.

Below, in Bethlehem's narrow street,
 There stands a cattle-shed;
 Within, a mother fondly guards
 A child in manger-bed.

Some uncouth shepherds silent kneel
 The humble couch before,
 And with intent and loving gaze
 The little Child adore.

Across the sandy desert wide
 The star-led Wise Men haste;
 Rich gifts they bring to lay before
 The Babe thus lowly placed.

Strange natal place for Son of God:
 Strange courtiers for a King;
 Yet, such they are, for this is He
 Who comes God's peace to bring.

O lowly Child! O loving God!
 O mighty King, in one!
 We bow in meek humility
 Before Thy rude-built throne.

Not costly myrrh as offering,
 Nor gold, nor incense bring,
 But humble, contrite, willing hearts
 We lay before our King.

Accept them, Lord; our strength renew,
 That we may helpers be
 Of Thine, to bring about Thy reign
 Of peace and unity.

THE THREE KINGS

A Legend of Christmas

Above the desert's dreary waste,
 A brilliant star shone down
 Upon a tiny oasis
 Amid the sandwaves brown.
 Three camels journeyed from the East,
 And each one bore a king;
 But, wherefore rode they out that way?
 What treasures did they bring?

Their names were Melchior, Saba's king,
 Balthasar, Ava's lord,
 And Kaspar, King of Ataper;
 All versed in Wisdom's word.

They reach the tiny oasis,
 And greet each other there;
 And while their camels drink and rest,
 They spend the time in prayer,
 And grave communion, each with each,
 About the wondrous star;
 For all had traced its splendid gleam
 Across the desert far.

Said Melchior, "Such a star before
 Has ne'er been seen on earth;
 It's rays must surely herald now
 Some mighty monarch's birth;
 And so, a worthy offering,
 I hither with me bring,
 An offering of yellow gold
 For earth's most mighty King."

But Balthasar spoke up, and said,
 "The star sends beams abroad
 So radiantly, I feel 'tis sent
 To greet some earth-born God;
 This box of fragrant frankincense,
 My tribute then shall be,
 Sweet sacrifice to offer to
 Incarnate Deity."

Quoth Kaspar, "Long and world has groaned
 With sickness, sin, and death;
 I cried when first I saw its light,
 'A Healer draws His breath!'

I searched my kingdom o'er to find
 Some gift that would be meet;
 This healing myrrh I'll lay before
 The great Physician's feet."

"How, now, we cannot all be right,"
 Cried Melchior, once again;
 "For if this babe be mighty King,
 Your offerings are vain;
 And should he be Physician, God,
 Or other else beside,
 Then mine will also foolish be,
 An emblem of my pride."

"Then let us all together ride,"
 Quoth Kaspar, earnestly,
 "And spread our gifts before the Babe,
 And there await to see
 Which of our precious offerings
 He takes most eagerly."

If to the gold he stretch his hand,
 He surely is a King;
 If frankincense attract him more,
 From Godhead doth he spring;
 The myrrh will prove without a doubt,
 That healing He doth bring."

Once more the guiding star led on,
 Across the sandwaves brown,
 Until, o'er Bethlehem's humble shed
 They saw its rays shine down.

Within they found the lowly Babe
 Upon His mother's knee;
 Then, holding out their costly gifts,
 Before Him knelt the three.

The Infant smiled upon the kings,
 And then His gaze let fall;
 The gold, the myrrh, the frankincense
 He saw, and took them all.

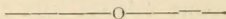
Now filled with wonder were the three,
 When they this thing had seen;
 In awe they gazed upon the Babe,
 And thought what it might mean.

In awe they left His presence then;
 Nor could they understand,
 And so they turned their camels' heads
 Toward their native land.

But, in the tiny oasis,
 An angel came to them;
 "Peace, peace," he cried, "I read ye now
 The sign of Bethlehem.

"That wondrous Babe at once shall be
 Great King and Lord Divine,
 And Healer of man's sins and ills,
 His kingdom shall outshine
 In glory, all the realms of earth,
 Or wealth of sea and mine.

He'll rule the hearts, accept the praise,
 And save the souls of men,
 And thus the wand'ring sons of God,
 Shall be brought back again."



YE HOLLYE GREENE

Ye hollye greene is Christis tree;
 Yt groweth cleane, and springeth free,
 And all yts beauties reach their prime
 To grace His blest Nativitie.

Yts stately stem stands straight and still,
 As stood His roode on Calvarye's Hill,
 And Lo! how slow yet's growthe and sure;
 Just like His kingdome 'gainst ye ill.

Ye thornes that pierced His brow in griefe
 Are set around each gleaming leafe,
 And chalices of precious bloode
 Are glowing in each berrye sheafe.

When Nature's moping cheerlessly
 Ye hollye shineth faire to see:
 Remember, Christians, be not sad;
 Ye hollye greene is Christis tree.



A Sprig of Victoria Holly

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

What say the bells on Christmas Day,
As merrily they peal away,
 With joyous chime,
 And ringing rhyme,
From out their sounding steeples gray?

 Joy, joy to earth;
 Reign, gladsome mirth;
This is the day of Lord Christ's birth.

 "Peace, peace to men;
 Smile, hill and glen;
This day has brought good-will again.

 "Let nations pause,
 Nor clash, because
This is the day Peace frames her laws.

 "Fling wide the door;
 Spread out your store;
This is the day of Lord Christ's poor.

 "Let friend to friend
 Their love-gifts send,
For love's sweet kingdom knows no end."

And thus the bells on Christmas Day,
Their oft-repeated message say,
 With merry chime,
 And cheerful rhyme,
From out their bursting steeples gray.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Glory, glory, glory
 Be unto God again.
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Peace and good-will to men.

Good people, we are singing
 The song the angels sang,
 When Christ was born in Judah,
 And Heaven's arches rang.

Good people, see the shepherds
 Who watched their flocks by night,
 And heard the wondrous anthem
 Sung by the angels bright.

Good people, all come hither,
 And see the star's bright ray,
 That moved along the heavens,
 And showed where Jesus lay.

Good people, see the Wise Men
 Who spied the glowing star,
 And followed where it beckoned
 Across the desert far.

Good people, raise your voices,
 And praise your Lord and King,
 Who came this day to help us,
 And free salvation bring.

Glory, glory, glory
 Be unto God again.
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Peace and good-will to men.

CHRISTMAS BELLS OF CANADA

Ring, merry bells of Canada,
 From eastern unto western main;
 Up mountain height, through forest glade,
 And o'er your far-flung leagues of plain.

Ring o'er the busy city mart
 Where men their fellow-creatures spoil,
 And o'er the country, where they coax
 An honest living from the soil.

Ring o'er the lonely lumber camp,
 Nor fetid fishing-station flee,
 And flood the rough and cheerless mine
 With all thy welcome melody.

Ring, ring, for Christmas comes once more,
 The merriest time of all the year,
 When Home's so dear, and God so nigh,
 And all true hearts o'erflow with cheer.

Oh! Canada loves Christmastide,
 And Christmastide returns the glow;
 For Canada has all the things
 That make it glorious here below.

The gleam of snow, the ring of skates,
 The frost, the ice's steely sheen;
 And emblem of undying life,
 The star-ypointing evergreen.

Ring, merry bells! Ring, Christmas bells!
 O Canada, shout loud and sing!
 Let not these symbols be a mock;
 The Christmas spirit that's the thing!

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The bells toll out a mournful dirge;
 And why? The Year is dying.
 The Old Year, gray with weight of care,
 Alone, with none his grief to share,
 Breathes out his last, sad sighing.

For much of woe and want and sin
 His transient reign has crowded;
 And Ignorance and Lust and Crime.
 In all their blighting, dead'ning rime,
 Have many souls enshrouded.

But, as he sighs he faintly smiles;
 Not all was dark and dreary;
 Some burdened hearts have lightened been;
 Some souls have burst the bonds of Sin;
 Some rested that were weary.

Good-bye, Old Year, your work is done;
 We fain would watch thy dying;
 Swift-footed Time bears us along;
 We cannot leave the hurrying throng,
 Nor stay the moments flying.

The bells assume a merry note,
 And Hark; the sound of singing.
 The Old Year's dead; the New Year comes
 With peal of trump, and roll of drums,
 And joy and gladness bringing.

His step is firm, his eye is clear,
 And all the Graces lead him;
 The youths and maidens deck his brows
 With amaranth and myrtle boughs,
 And Faith and Hope succeed him.

O glad New Year, we hail thee, too;
 Thou bring'st us joy or sorrow.
 We hope for joy, yet know that pain
 Is sent us higher heights to gain;
 Then dread we not the morrow.

Ring, merry bells, ring high, ring low;
 Ring honest toil or leisure;
 For ring they fast, or ring they slow,
 Or ring they weal, or ring they woe,
 They ring but God's own pleasure.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The twilight of the year again has fallen ;
 Its darkening shades enveil the quiet land,
 While o'er the Hills of Time a rosy dawn
 Waits but the one consenting glance of God
 To blazon forth, and wake anew the world.

I turn me round and scan the path I've come ;
 'Twas pleasant there, and there 'twas toilsome, too ;
 Rough, smooth, wide, strait in places, yet through all
 A Guiding Presence cheered the onward way ;
 When Joy enclosed my willing hand in hers,
 Then was my gladness sweeter for His smile ;
 And when the hand of Grief oppressed my brow,
 His gentle whisper soothed the aching throb.

Ofttimes I wandered from the beaten track
 To gather dainty flowerets by the way,
 Or chase the golden-pinioned butterflies
 That crossed my pathway in the summer noon ;
 But, ever as I strayed, that Guiding Hand
 Back drew me to the road I ought to tread.

Some ill I've done, I know ; perchance some good ;
 But much, I fear, the ill outweighs the good ;
 Yet, still I've tried, though feebly, it may be,
 To think of others and not all of self ;
 And so I pray Him to forgive the ill
 And bless the good, and blessing it, bless me.

Now can I face the dawn with fearless eyes ;
 Whate'er it brings to me of joy or pain
 Cannot avail to quench my glowing hope ;
 For that same Hand that led will lead me still ;
 That same sweet voice will cheer and comfort give.

Break forth in splendor o'er the ancient hills,
 O glorious dawning of the glad New Year !
 And flood the world with Hope's blest light again ;
 Wake Truth, and Love, and Faith to warmer zeal,
 And banish darkness to the winds of heaven !

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

Here's a year, a brand-new year,
 Pure and spotless, bright and clear,
 What in the world has brought you here,
 Glad New Year?

Have you come to bring us cheer,
 Faces fond and friendships dear,
 Gold and gladness, gifts and gear,
 Good New Year?

Or is pain your burden drear,
 Sickness, sorrow, dread and fear,
 Hardened heart and cruel jeer,
 Stern New Year?

Brings your message smile or tear,
 Speak it gently to our ear;
 God has sent you, we will hear,
 Holy Year.

For if we your words revere,
 Our weak souls shall grow sincere,
 And become like God more near,
 Blessed Year.

THE MAIDEN MONTHS

I.

January

A laughing maiden, January stands,
 Bedecked in all her snowy mantle fair;
 The sunlight glints upon her golden hair,
 And sleeping branches fill her warm-gloved hands.
 The green pines bend to her their quivering wands;
 The twittering birds give forth their welcome rare;
 The fleecy clouds smile through the crystal air,
 And Earth rejoices as she greets the lands.

She comes to tomb the faded and the sere;
 To rest tired Nature after all her throes;
 To cover up the blights of yesteryear;
 To heal Earth's sickness, and relieve her woes.
 Thus January sees Earth's joy prevail;
 Flings wide the door, and bids the New Year Hail!

II.

February

Pale February comes with tear-filled eyes,
 And now she weeps, and now she smiles again;
 For flake-thick winds succeed the driving rain.
 And leaden clouds contend with azure skies.
 Her gown of white and gray close-fitting, lies
 Again her graceful form; her hands contain
 Sweet, bashful snowdrops, heads a-droop, as fain
 To hide afresh beneath late frosty ties.

But Earth regards her with a mild reproach,
 Who stirs her sluggish blood with gentle pains,
 And shrinks in fretful mood at every touch
 Her breast from lightly falling feet sustains;
 Yet February doth straight on pursue
 Her quiet way, and wakes Earth's life anew.

III.

March

Here March, the fair-haired hoyden romps in glee,
 With locks outstreaming on the bracing breeze;
 Her joyous laughter echoes through the trees,
 Which ope their buds to smile responsively.
 The pussy-willow, too, comes out to see
 What is a-stir, and, too, the busy bees
 Forsake their sticky cells and drowsy ease,

To wanton with the winds so boisterous free.
 The whole wide Earth is pulsing with new life,
 And Winter stern now sees his power wane;
 For Spring advancing urges equal strife;
 They struggle, each the sovereignty to gain;
 But Spring in March an ally finds secure;
 She lends her blustry aid, and vict'ry's sure.

IV.

April

The Niobe of months; see, April weeps,
 As clad in clinging robes of sombre gray,
 She slowly walks along a dreary way
 With vacant looks, like one who walking, sleeps;
 But ceaselessly the crystal tear down creeps,
 And falls upon the ground, and thence straightway
 There springs a tender blade; thus verdure gay
 Her footsteps follows as her course she keeps.
 A gentle calmness, as though Nature wist,
 Pervades the land; the blue sky veils her face;
 Enshroud the purple hills their sides in mist,
 And quiet growth outlines Earth's every trace.
 These April viewing, they her grief beguile—
 She halts, and through her tears sends forth a smile.

V.

May

Arrayed in brilliant hues, and crowned with flowers,
 See May, the one of all the months the queen!
 Enthroned in state 'mid freshest, leafiest green,
 She chants a carol of the springtime hours.
 Both field and wood have lent to grace her bowers,
 Their varied blooms of brightest, gayest sheen;
 Blithe, tuneful birds light flit the boughs between,
 And smiles the sun, while liquid gold he showers.
 The rippling brooklets babble joyously;
 Yea, everything seems full of music sweet,
 For Nature's tide of growth is flooding free;
 With mirth and melody is Earth replete.
 This gladness fills the very heart of May,
 So lives her song as long as she holds sway.

VI.

June

June scatters roses broadcast o'er the land.
 As gay she wanders through the verdant lea
 In garb of blushing tint; Earth smiles to see
 The fragrant guerdons of her lavish hand.

The winged legions all the air command;
 The cheery songsters mate in every tree;
 In search of nectar sweet wide roams the bee,
 And butterflies aflame fleck field and strand.
 Blithe, happy children throng her footsteps near,
 And gather posies of the blooms she strows;
 They love the lily sweet and daisy dear,
 But most of all they love June's own fair rose.
 Thee, lovely June, the happiest month we deem,
 For now do love and roses reign supreme.

VII.

July

Here comes the sweet blithe haymaker, July,
 Her long light rake across her shoulder placed;
 The ardent sun with burning kiss has traced
 Her face and arms all o'er with nut-brown dye.
 How clear the light that dances in her eye,
 As lithe she bends to cull the lily chaste,
 Or wander from her path in merry haste
 To chase the bee or wanton butterfly.
 The nodding poppy blushes at her smile,
 And hides his head amid the ripening corn,
 The bluejay, frightened, quits the brambled pile.
 And, saucy, mocks her laugh from yonder thorn.
 July is ever joyful—work or play—
 Now with glad song she turns the new-mown hay.

VIII.

August

With arms outstretched to clasp her golden sheaves,
 And harvest-sickle swinging at her waist,
 Comes smiling August down the pathway graced
 With summer flowers fair and light-kissed leaves!
 The fervent sun a purple veil enweaves,
 Through which the distant hill's profile is traced,
 And on the languid lake's fair bosom, chaste,
 The water-lily dreams, while buzzing thieves
 Despoil her of her sweets; and through the air
 Come scents of ripening fruits, and on the grass
 The flowers their petals cast, which lying there,
 Men see and sigh, "How soon doth summer pass."
 But August shows her bursting sheaves of grain,
 And all Earth's hungry ones smile back again.

IX.

September

Beneath the orchard's spreading boughs she stands,
 September, rosy-cheeked, so like the fruit
 She gathers from the heavy-laden shoot
 Into her apron with her eager hands.
 The autumn sun darts rays like golden bands
 Down through the boughs, as though to check the loot,
 And prison the fair thief at her pursuit;
 But gay she laughs, and mocks at his demands.
 The grass and trees and shrubs begin to lose
 Their vivid green, and slowly turn to gold,
 And brown and crimson, as though fain to choose
 A brief resplendence e'er Death's arms enfold.
 But sweet September sings her vintage song,
 And Death's forgotten as she trips along.

X.

October

In sober brown October wends her way
 Amid the golden shower of autumn leaves,
 With pensive eyes; for Oh! the wind bereaves
 Each tree its leaflets, whirling them astray.
 She lifts her eyes to where the cloud-rack gray
 Athwart the paling sun now sinks and heaves,
 And with his waning beams a carpet weaves
 Of mottled shadows on the trodden clay.
 She knows things mundane perish, but she knows
 They perish not but that some nobler end
 May be accomplished by their death; that those
 Dead leaves more strength to next year's leaves will send
 And those thick-clustering nuts beyond her reach
 Swell with the promise of the tree in each.

XI.

November

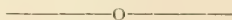
Fast through the blustering winds November hies,
 Her sombre mantle wrapped about her face,
 Where through the damp, dead leaves she scarce can trace
 The sodden pathway that before her lies.
 Around her from the moaning trees arise
 Great gaunt grim arms that spread or interlace,
 As though they pled with Heaven, a little space,
 To shield their nakedness from winter's eyes.
 The Earth is yearning for her quiet sleep.
 Her labors finished, now she craves for rest;
 Nor man nor Nature can aye working keep;

Work done, rest comes, God's statute first and best.
 November bows, and as she turns to go,
 She smiles to see the gently falling snow.

XII.

December

In furry robes, with wreath of holly crowned,
 Comes gay December, smiling through the snow.
 Her arms with evergreen and mistletoe
 Are filled; to her the white-encumbered ground
 Glistens a glad reception. All around
 The trees with fluffy loads are bending low;
 The winds that o'er the frozen spaces blow
 Come laden with the merry sleigh-bells' sound.
 The jolly skaters on the gleaming ice
 Shout joyous greeting as she comes in sight,
 And rosy, happy children her entice
 To join their wintry games with keen delight.
 December tarries, but the Year's farewells
 Haste her departure 'mid the tolling bells.



BILLY THE HARE

Billy the Hare had a very sore toe,
 And was asked to a party, and wanted to go;
 But he scarcely could walk, his foot was so bad,
 So he sat on his doorstep all sullen and sad.
 But old Uncle Tortoise came lumbering by,
 And a funny wee twinkle came into his eye
 As he said to sad Billy, "Get on for a ride,
 And I'll be your steed, sir, with pleasure and pride."
 So Billy accepted, and forward they set.
 And, unless I'm mistaken, they're travelling yet.



THE SONG OF THE AXE

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
 With a steady swing and whack,
 Eating its heart with keen delight,
 Into the groaning tree I bite.

I am the tooth of the human race,
 Biting its way through the forest vast,
 Chip by chip, and tree by tree,
 Till the fields gleam forth at last.

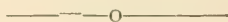
Where I come flee glade and gloom,
 When I pass shine lawn and lea;
 Golden grain and gardens green
 Owe their very lives to me.

Sturdy monarchs lay I low;
 Springy saplings mow I through;
 Hungry man requires their room,
 And hungry man's best work I do.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
 With a steady swing and whack,
 Every stroke the land doth bless,
 And joy o'erflows the wilderness.

THE DOUGLAS FIR

Proud monarch of the West's green-fringed hills,
 Majestic pillar of the sunset sky,
 In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high
 Thy tap'ring head to where the glory fills
 The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills
 My soul not more than that weird melody
 The ocean breeze awakes mysteriously
 Among thy boughs whenever that it wills.
 Long centuries have scored thy rugged side
 With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart
 Has shed great tears, and these, congealing, hide
 Or strive to hide, the gaping rents in part;
 And centuries more thou still might'st stand in pride,
 But envious man now claims thee for his mart.



WINTER IN VICTORIA

Here is no sharp extreme of biting cold;
 No deluge drear from lowering cloud outpours;
 No boistering, rasping wind its fury roars;
 Nor is the land gripped in the Frost King's hold.
 The sky is blue; dull green and grassy wold;
 The sable crow calls loudly as he soars
 From the dark festooned fir, to where, in scores,
 His mates the gnarled oak's writhing arms enfold.
 The rose still shows late hips of yesteryear;
 The glistening holly flaunts her berries red;
 Afar through purple mists the hills appear,
 While smiles the warm, benignant sun o'erhead.
 Nature's not dead; she does but gently sleep.
 List! Spring's sweet call; the buds begin to peep.

O LAND, MY LAND!

O Land, my Land, I love thee!
 Thy hills and valleys green,
 Thy azure skies above thee;
 Thy flowers of varied sheen;
 Thy lakes and sparkling streamlets;
 Thy mountains crowned with snow;
 I claim them all earth's noblest,
 My land, I love thee so.

O Land, my Land, I love thee,
 For thou dost give me life,
 And strength, and food, and raiment;
 A home that knows no strife.
 For all the many blessings
 Up-yielded by thy sod,
 I love thee, my own country,
 And thank the gracious God.

O Land, my Land, I love thee;
 I love thy spotless name,
 And I would die far sooner
 Than see it brought to shame.
 May God be thy defender
 'Gainst every storm and foe,
 And thee my best I'll render,
 O Land, I love thee so.

O Land, my land, I love thee,
 And I would have thee grow
 Still greater, purer, grander,
 Till earth in pride shall show
 As gem of gems the fairest,
 In all her diadem.
 The brightest, richest, rarest,
 My country and my home.

THE FAIRY LAND OF PLAY

'Tis a land of fun and fancy,
 This fairy land of Play,
 Of its scenes you never weary.
 Though you stay there all the day;
 For there's all that heart can wish for,
 And no one says you nay.
 Oh! who can not be happy
 In the fairy land of Play.

There are tigers in the jungles,
 And Indians on the plain;
 There are eagles in their eyries,
 All waiting to be slain;
 There are giants in their castles,
 Just eager for the fray;
 And ogres, if you want them,
 In the fairy land of Play.

Sometimes it's kings and courtiers,
 Or queens and ladies fair;
 Perhaps a fiery dragon
 Has a princess in his lair.
 Then comes the prince a-prancing;
 The dragon's brought to bay:
 Oh! the glory and the shouting
 In the fairy land of Play.

But yet, this lovely country
 Is only just for play;
 It wouldn't do for children
 To all go there and stay.
 For the world is full of duties
 That no one ought to shirk,
 And the land that is the finest
 Is the truly land of Work.

PUSSY WILLOWS

Have you ever seen the pussies
That grow up in a tree,
With their pretty fur of silver,
As soft as soft can be?

Well, these funny little pussies
Are as odd as odd can be,
But what else can you expect from
Wee pussies on a tree?

Now, no tails have these wee pussies,
As you can plainly see,
And they hide their heads in hoodies,
As brown as brown can be.

And their feet? They have not any,
Nor claws, that I can see;
Yet they hang so very tightly,
Upon their dear old tree.

If you watch these little pussies,
A day or two, I'm told,
That their furr will grow much longer,
All tipped with balls of gold.

Oh! 'tis then you will discover
Each little puss of ours,
Not to be a puss at all, but
A bunch of willow flowers.

THE DUSTY HILL

There was a little hilly hill,
All over dusty dust,
And Mother Nature said one day,
"I really, really must

Take charge of that young scamp of mine,
And wash his dirty face,
Because the state he now is in,
Is simply a disgrace."

She brought a little cloudy cloud
All full of rainy rain,
And squeezed it over Dusty Hill,
Till he looked clean again.

And then she called a windy wind
From out the misty sky,
Who blew, and blew, and blew, until
He blew the hill quite dry.

When this was done Old Father Sun
Came out to see his child,
And when he saw him look so nice,
He smiled, and smiled, and smiled.

WHO AM I?

I'm a funny little creature, sure,
 I stand still all the day,
 And yet I'm running all the time.
 "How very odd!" you say.

And then, although I have some feet,
 Yet runs, or skips, or slides
 I never take with them, because
 I run with my insides.

No arms have I, but have two hands
 In such a funny place.
 But, please don't laugh at me, because
 My hands are on my face.

I'm always dry as I can be,
 Which is a funny thing,
 When you consider that inside
 I have a splendid spring.

I have no lungs, or throat, or mouth
 With which to make a noise,
 Yet some folks think the nicest thing
 About me is my voice.

With this same gentle voice of mine
 I tick as well as tock.
 Ah! there, you know my secret now!
 I am the mantel clock!

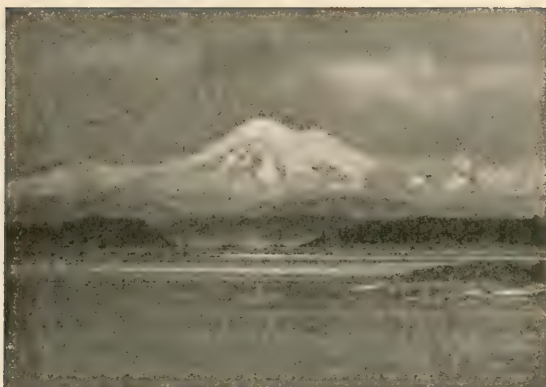
THE CAGE

(From the French)

I've hung a pretty little cage
 All in my garden fair,
 In hopes some day a wandering bird
 Might come and settle there.
 Sweet bird, cease singing up so high;
 Come, spend the season here,
 And you need pay me but a song;
 The rent's not very dear!

I've made a lovely nest of moss
 Where you your young may feed,
 So cosy, snug, 'twill be to them
 A Paradise indeed.
 Your house, so fresh and neat, would have
 A grassy carpet queer,
 And you need pay me but a song;
 The rent's not very dear.

If in the woods, my tenant sweet,
 The summer you would see,
 Your little prayer, I'll grant with joy
 And give you liberty.
 For I would not my little house
 Should be your prison drear;
 Then, come, sweet, pay me but a song;
 The rent's not very dear!



Mount Baker.

JUAN DE FUCA STRAITS

I stand upon Vancouver's sunny shore,
 Where proud Victoria breathes the salt sea air,
 And look across the blue expanse to where
 Olympia rears her snow-clad summits hoar.

A vision glorious greets my charmed gaze;
 The sloping green, wide-splashed with golden broom:
 The shimmering blue, beyond which, nobly loom
 The mountains, deeper-dyed with azure haze.

Along the west extends Sooke's fir-clad height,
 A purple finger reaching south, whose tip
 Points out the rocks, long cursed by many a ship,
 Where winks the Race his fiery eye at night.

Above the island-dotted east, serene,
 Arises Baker's head, whose lordly frown,
 And kingly air, and white eternal crown,
 Proclaim him monarch of the lovely scene.

O Fuca, gateway of the western world,
 How grandly and unceasing flows thy tide,
 In sunny smile; in calm and placid pride,
 Or raging storm, with crested billows curled!

Roll on then, Fuca! Roll in royal state!
 Thy past in misty ages shrouded lies;
 But future glorious dawns upon our eyes
 Majestic portal of two nations great.

CONTENTMENT

A little bird sat on a tree,
And sang this song right merrily,
"I'm glad as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate, who wandered nigh,
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower,
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power;
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful summer breeze
Blew o'er the fields, and stirred the trees,
And whispered to each one of these,
"Don't you wish you could be a breeze?"

And Jack, a chubby little boy
With romping dog and rattling toy,
Cried out, with shouts of keenest joy,
"It's jolly fine to be a boy!"

THE SCHOOL ELMS

Before the brick-red schoolhouse
 Six lordly elm trees rise,
 With arms stretched out to shade the earth,
 And up to bless the skies.
 All Summer long in gladness
 They've flourished cool and green,
 A dream of leafy loveliness
 In cities seldom seen.

But now the suns of autumn
 Have turned them golden brown,
 And oftentimes a gleaming shower
 October's wind brings down.
 Down, down the leaves come floating,
 And the children, one and all,
 Strive in their wholesome joyousness
 To catch them ere they fall.

Each tree's a giant chalice,
 Heaped full of golden flakes
 That Knowledge scatters far and wide
 For her disciples' sakes.
 Then, catch them, children, catch them,
 And cast them not away,
 And the tree will burgeon in your hearts
 For ever and a day.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a wiggler
Walking on a fence?
Did you ever see a jaguar
Jingling dimes and cents?

Did you ever see a porpoise
Poking out his eyes?
Did you ever see a monkey
Making currant pies?

Did you ever see a tiger
Tickling Tommy's nose?
Or a water-wagtail
Wearing out his clothes?

Did you ever,—No, I never;
Nor, indeed, did you,
For we know that all these creatures
Have something else to do.



SANDY M'PHERSON

Big Sandy McPherson,
A Hielan' Scotch person,
Is a braw chiel at sportin', ye ken;
Wi'oot e'er a yammer,
He'll thraw the great hammer,
An' man ye'll ne'er see it again.

THE CLOUD AND SUN

Once a proud
 Little Cloud
 Sailed across the summer sky,
 And she cried
 In her pride,
 "What a pretty Cloud am I—"

Daddy Sun
 Was in fun
 Smiling on a Valley green,
 And he thought,
 "This wee spot
 Is the prettiest place I've seen."

Little Cloud
 Then avowed
 That she'd sail across his view,
 And so make
 Him to take
 A fond look upon her, too.

So she sailed,
 And she trailed,
 Till she covered up his sight,
 And the green
 Little scene
 Was all hidden from his light.

But old Sun
 Wasn't done;
 He was bound to see the earth,
 So he shone
 From his throne
 Just as much as he was worth.

Soon Miss Cloud
 Cried aloud,
 "Oh, I'm getting awful thin!"
 And she shivered,
 And she quivered,
 Where she once so proud had been.

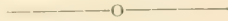
Daddy Sun,
 Smiling on,
 Once more saw his Valley green;
 But the proud
 Little Cloud
 She was nowhere to be seen.

TWO BICYCLISTS

Billy Borchers
 Is a scorchers,
 See how long and thin he is!
 High-speed motion,
 I've a notion,
 Makes the bone and skin he is!



Mr. Whately
 Rides sedately,
 Careful biker that he is!
 Doesn't worry,
 Fret or flurry;
 See how nice and fat he is!



TINKLE AND TANKLE

Tinkle and Tankle, the Brownies, were playing
 On a trapeze that was swinging and swaying,
 When all of a sudden poor Tinkle missed gripping,
 And with a wild cry down earthward went slipping;
 But Tankle's long coat tails hung flapping and flapping,
 So Tinkle grabbed hold of them, snipping and snapping,
 Right glad to be saved, by these means advantageous,
 From a fall, or a fate so severe and outrageous.

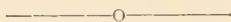


AFTERNOON TEA

Oh, say! do you see
This feminine three?
They're having a session
Of afternoon tea.

I'll wager they're talking
About you and me;
They've got to say something
At afternoon tea.

However, we'll pardon
This feminine three.
If they ask us in also
For afternoon tea.



CHING LING

Ching Ling, Chinaman,
Where away so fast?
If you keep that speed up long,
You'll lose your breath at last.

Yah! Me sabbe dat;
But, you lookee see
If me don't go plitty quick,
My pig-tail catchee me!

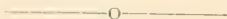
PORTUGAL

There's a sunny land called Portugal,
 Away across the seas,
 Where folks must be peculiar;
 For they call them Portuguese.

The men are very stiff and proud
 (Perhaps there are none grander);
 They cannot help be dignified,
 Each one's a Portugander.

The women must look funny, too,
 Though dressed up neat and spruce
 Alas! what else could you expect?
 Each one's a Portugoose.

But you would like the boys and girls,
 Or else you're hard to suit;
 For they are Portugoslings,
 And goslings are so cute!



A BIRTHDAY GREETING

(A verse for a birthday card.)

I'm sending you this birthday card,
 Because the times have been so hard,
 I can't afford a gift expensive;
 Until my purse grows more extensive;
 But with this card before you stuck
 You'll know I wish you lots of luck.

THE CROW AND THE GUN

Mister Crow,
Mister Crow,
You're a clever bird I know ;

But I say,
Any day,
I'm as clever in my way

There you croak
Fit to choke
On that tall and twisted oak.

Do you see
Little me
With my gun beneath the tree ?

You'll be mute,
Mister Cute,
When my little gun I shoot.

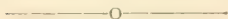
Bang-a-bang !
How it rang !
Now, I guess you've felt a pang !

Oh, dear me,
There you be,
Cawing on that other tree !

Missed my game ;
Just the same
It's the gun that is to blame.

THE GRASSHOPPER

My little grasshopper,
 You're quite a smart popper,
 You're jumping all over the lawn;
 Be sure you jump proper,
 Or you'll come a fine cropper,
 And then all your fun will be gone.



AN INTRODUCTION

Who's the little chubby chap a-standing in the garden,
 Standing in the garden on his little stubby leg?
 Have you never met with him? Oh, then, I beg your pardon!
 Let me introduce you, Dear, to him, I humbly beg.

This is Mr. Cabbage, Dear. Say, don't you think him
 handsome?

See, his burly head is swelling greater every day;
 But before its big enough, I think he'll have to stand some
 Days yet, growing larger in his slow but steady way.

Mr. C's a cheerful chap; so surely is good-hearted;
 Strange, his heart is in the middle of his burly head.
 From his sunny garden home his foot has ne'er departed,
 And he never lays him down, but stands up in his bed.

Now that you have met the chap, and viewed his manners
 stately,

Made your tidy little bow, and said your 'How'd you do.'
 Let us take our leave of him, for though he looks sedately,
 When we next encounter him he may be in a stew.

THE LAND OF NOD

Oh, Sister and I a-sailing go,
 Every night when the sun goes down;
 A-sailing away to the Land of Nod
 To see the people of Dreamland Town.

The ship sets sail from the Nursery Wharf,
 And I'm the Captain, and Sister's mate;
 We always leave sharp on time, you know;
 We mightn't get there if we started late.

Mamma comes up to say good-by,
 Collects the fare, a good-night kiss;
 Then, out goes the light, for moon and stars
 Are the proper guides to that land of bliss.

We spread the sails of counterpane;
 And off we float on the waves of cloud;
 The little stars blink as we pass them by,
 And the jolly moon smiles through the merry crowd.

And then we come to the Land of Nod,
 And Oh! that country is fair to see,
 It's full of goodies, and toys, and games,
 And what is so nice, you can have them free.

But when we start for home again,
 We can't take one single thing away.
 Our hands are empty as empty can be,
 When we wake in bed at the dawn of day.

But then we know, if we're very good,
 Nor need the slipper, or teacher's rod,
 We're sure to get, when the darkness falls,
 Lots more nice things in the Land of Nod.

A RIDDLE

I have a head, a little head
 That you could scarcely see;
 But I've a mouth much bigger than
 My head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;
 You think 'twould be a bother?
 Why, no! My head is at one end;
 My mouth's 'way at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run,
 And pretty fast, it's said;
 The funny thing about me is,
 I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world;
 I seek not fortune's ranks,
 And yet it's true that, though so poor,
 I own two splendid banks.

I've lots of "sand", yet run away;
 I'm weak, yet "furnish power";
 No arms, yet my embrace would kill
 In less than half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing,
 Ah, you begin to shiver!
 Pray, don't; for after all, you know,
 I'm only just a river.

THE RHYME OF THE RAGGERWITCH

Did you ever see the Raggerwitch
 That lived in Zimbashsee?
 You didn't? Then you never will;
 For he was squinched by me.

I'll tell you how it came about
 How I this deed did do,
 In case you meet a Raggerwitch
 A-shambling in his shoe.

This awful, borgous Raggerwitch
 That dwelt in Zambashee,
 Was the most fellorious Raggerwitch
 That ever grilled a gree.

He clothed himself in climy clash;
 He wore a worbous shoe,
 And down his broad and blorous back
 There hung a cabbish queue.

This worbous shoe could give him speed
 Of sixty miles an hour;
 And with his queue he'd lasso things,
 And get them in his power,

He swithered and he swoggled much,
 And gobbled great big groggs,
 And boys and girls who didn't watch
 Got mingled in his moggs.

I happened to be fishing whales
 In Zimbashsee one day,
 When what should come a-ramping round,
 But the Raggerwitch so gay.

I rumbled and I rambled fast,
 And ran like running rills;
 But the Raggerwitch ran faster still,
 And chased me o'er the hills.

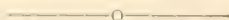
I think he would have got me sure;
 But, suddenly, I found
 A sharp and shining shimaloo
 A-lying on the ground.

I seized it quick as lightning streak,
 And hurled it strong and sure,
 And soon the ramping Raggerwitch
 Lay sploring in his sploor.

He shivered and he shakled hard,
 And shambled off his shoe;
 He quivered and he quackled deep
 And quambled off his queue.

And there he lay, all stiff and stark,
 In fact, he was quite dead;
 So I rushed up and haggled him,
 And hoggled off his head.

Now, children, when you're fishing whales
 In far-off Zimbashée,
 You can in safety fish all day;
 But thanks are due to me.



THE RAILWAY TRACK

Ingery, mingery, whangery, whack,
 Out to the west runs the railway track.
 It runs right up, and it runs right down,
 And brings you at last to Vancouver town.

Ingery, lingery, tangery, tack,
 Out to the east runs the railway track.
 It runs by night, and it runs by day,
 And brings you to Halifax far away.

THE STORIES MOTHER TELLS

When evening comes I love to sit
 Upon my mother's knee,
 And snuggle down and listen to
 The tales she tells to me.
 Her voice is just as clear and sweet
 As music made by bells;
 And then how wondrous are indeed
 The stories Mother tells!

There's "Goldilocks," and "Cinderelle";
 The "Babies in the Wood";
 The "Beanstalk Boy," and wee "Tom Thumb,"
 And merry "Robin Hood."
 I hear of kings, of animals,
 Of fairies in their dells;
 I cannot help but listen to
 The stories Mother tells.

But then, for Sunday afternoon,
 She has a different kind;
 The wondrous things that Jesus did
 To sick, and lame, and blind.
 On Joseph, David, Daniel, too,
 Her tongue so often dwells;
 For these I love the best of all
 The stories Mother tells.

When I grow up, I guess I'll be
 A mother, too, some day.
 And my own little baby girl
 Upon my knees will play;
 Then she will ask for stories, too,
 And coax and tease by spells;
 And so I'll tell her o'er again
 The stories Mother tells.

THE ACORN AND THE SQUIRREL

A chubby little acorn
 Hung on a limb so high,
 And cried, "I'll be an oak tree
 Some day by and by."

A frisky little squirrel,
 With hop and skip and jump,
 Came scrambling up the branches,
 And spied the acorn plump.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, "I see you;
 You'll never be a tree;
 You'll make a lovely dinner
 To go inside of me."

I will not eat you now, though,
 Because you are so plump;
 I'll put you in my cellar
 Beneath the fir tree stump.

And then when comes the winter,
 A banquet I shall hold.
 I think you'll just taste splendid,
 When the weather's keen and cold."

So Squirrel dropped poor Acorn
 Upon the ground below,
 And scampered down the tree trunk
 As fast as he could go.

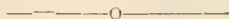
He stuffed him in his cellar;
 Said Acorn, "What a fall!
 To be a squirrel's dinner
 I do not like at all."

But Squirrel skipped off lively,
 And didn't care a rap;
 But suddenly he tumbled
 Into Tommy Jenkins' trap.

And Tommy took him homeward,
 Nor heeded Squirrel's rage;
 And kept him for a plaything
 Within a wooden cage.

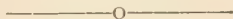
All winter in the cellar,
 Poor Acorn lay in doubt,
 Till Spring sent rain, and soaked him,
 And he began to sprout.

He grew and grew still greater,
 And flourished fair and free,
 And so became an oak tree
 In spite of all, you see.



CHRISTMAS

Children, come to Bethlehem;
 Here, uncrowned with gold or gem,
 Resting sweetly lies your King.
 Is there gift that you can bring?
 Silver, jewels, gold, you've not
 To lay before His lowly cot;
 More than these your Lord will prize
 A heart that loves, a hand that tries;
 Such gifts your King will not despise.



MOO COW

Moo Cow, Moo,
 This is what we'll do;
 We'll sell your milk,
 And buy some silk,
 And make a dress or two.

Moo Cow, Moo;
 We'll come and thank you, too;
 Perhaps you'll smile
 To see our style;
 We won't mind if you do.



RIG AND JIG

Rig and Jig were monkeys two,
 And Tom, a cat was he,
 Who, naughty, stole a piece of meat
 The monkeys kept for tea.

They seized their axes in their hands,
 And gave old Tommy chase,
 And, My! there was some scurrying
 All round about that place.

Tom ran and ran with all his might,
 But Rig and Jig were quick;
 They caught poor Tommy by the tail,
 And pulled till he was sick.

Then Tommy's tail began to stretch.
 "Ho!" cried out both his captors,
 This catty tale is far too long;
 Let's chop it into chapters!"

THERE ONCE WAS

There once was an abbot so fat,
 So rotundly adipose, that
 When he left his old abbey,
 Too big for a cab, he
 Just rolled himself round in a vat.

There was an old lady named Spence,
 Who sat all day on the fence;
 When asked for the reason,
 She said, "At this season,
 My corns will not let me go hence."

There once was a famed acrobat,
 Who turned himself this way, and that;
 With twisting so busy,
 He'd soon get so dizzy,
 He wouldn't know where he was at.

There once was an admiral bold,
 The terror of seas hot and cold;
 But, away from the foam,
 His Missus at home,
 Just made him do what he was told

There once was a wicked baboon
 That pretended to lie in a swoon,
 Till by came a pup,
 And the baboon jumped up,
 And flung him right into the moon.

There was a young maid of Victoria
 So clever, she simply would bore ye.
 She talked of a dream,
 And I thought I should scream;
 For she called it a phantasmagoria.



A RHYME OF THE CITIES

Said little Johnny to the Owl,
 "I hear you're wondrous wise,
 And so I'd like to question you;
 Now, please don't tell me lies.

The first thing, then, I'd have you tell,
 My empty mind to fill,
 Pray, was it that explosive beef
 That made Chicago Ill.?

I've heard it said, yet do not know—
 In fact, it may be bosh—
 Then, tell me, is it lots of dirt
 That makes Seattle Wash.?

When certain things will not go straight,
 To right them we should try;
 — maybe, you can say what 'tis
 — that Providence R. I.?

Another thing I wish I could
 Inform my waiting class,
 Is just how many priests it takes
 To say the Boston Mass.?

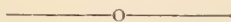
This is the time of running debts,
 As you must surely know;
 This secret then impart to me,
 How much does Cleveland O.?

In ages, too, you must be learned,
 More so than many men;
 So, tell me; in a whisper, please,
 When was Miss Nashville Tenn.?

It takes great heat the gold to melt,
 And iron takes much more;
 Then is it true that 'way out west
 The rain melts Portland Ore.?

Some voices are so strong and full,
 And some so still and small;
 That I have wondered oftentimes
 How loud could Denver Col.?

The Owl he scratched his feathered pate,
 "I'm sorry, little man,
 Ask someone else. I cannot tell.
 Perhaps Topeka Kan."



THE DUNCE

Oh! Donny Macdougall indeed was a dunce,
 He couldn't spell, "incomprehensible," once;
 But after long study, he now in a trice,
 Can spell that word, "incomprehensible," twice.



SNOWDROPS

Pretty little snowdrops,
Peeping through the snow,
When you come to see us
It's time for frost to go.

We're always glad to see you;
You make us shout and sing,
Because your sunny smiling
Tells of coming spring.

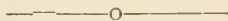


THE LITTLE COP

Hippity hop
There's a thief in a shop;
So off on his tracks
Goes the little fat cop.

Flickity-flick,
He'll give him the stick,
And whack him, and crack him,
Until he feels sick.

Wickity-wail,
He'll put him in jail,
And there he will stay,
Till his whiskers turn pale.



AFLOAT

Afloat in a boat on the wide, heaving sea,
With the blue waves alight with the sheen of the sun;
And the scud of the foam and the breeze blowing free:
Oh, the life! Oh, the joy! Oh, the vigor new-won!

Oh! where is your care when your prow plunges clear,
Aut cutting the wave-crest far scatters the spray,
And the sea-gull calls screaming while circling a-near
The slant, shining, white sail out-bulging so gay?

And the clouds that in crowds are fast flocking along,
Like soft, woolly lambkins, o'er heaven's blue lea,
Seem racing and chasing in play as they throng,
Enticing our boat to partake in their glee.

Oh, the life! Oh, the joy! Oh, the vigor new-won!
From the scud of the foam and the breeze blowing free.
From the blue waves a-glint with the sheen of the sun,
When afloat in a boat on the wide, heaving sea.

THE LITTLE GATEWAY

There is a little gateway
 That opens every day,
 And from it troops of angels
 Come flying swift away.

Some of these little angels
 Are good, and some are bad;
 The bad cause lots of trouble;
 The good make people glad.

Why don't folks set a watchman
 To guard this little door,
 So that the naughty angels
 Can sally forth no more;

But just let out the good ones,
 And then, when these appear,
 The world will be all brightness,
 And gleam with smiles of cheer?

Well, you and I can do so,
 Right now, we needn't wait;
 The angels are but little words;
 Our mouths the little gate.

THE INK-BOTTLE

Here am I, a bottle of ink ;
Now, what is in me, do you think ?
Nothing but liquid, wet and black,
For making on paper a scrawling track ?
So it might seem, but dip in a pen,
And what comes out of the bottle then ?
Words and thoughts, both gay and sad,
That grow into letters to Mother and Dad,
Or Brother, or Sister, or Comrade at play,
Or maybe to friends in lands far away ;
Or composition for Teacher in school,
Or punishment tasks for breaking a rule.
Then, out of me also, in spite of my looks,
Men make up their thoughts into papers and books,
That travel by railway and boat, far and near,
And take round the earth their message of cheer.
Some folks misuse me, and make me write harm ;
That shocks me, and fills me with greatest alarm ;
For, like all the best things, I want to do good,
And be used in the way that useful things should :
But, use me aright, and you'll find in the end,
A bottle of ink is a very good friend.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK

Tick-a-tock,
 The kitchen clock,
 I think would like
 To take a walk.
 It sounds as he
 Were marching slow,
 With every tick
 A step, you know;
 But, there he is,
 Stuck on the wall,
 And really can't
 Get down at all.
 He'll have to do
 Like me, when I'm
 A-sick in bed
 In summertime.
 I just pretend
 I'm out of doors;
 See fields and skies,
 Not walls and floors.
 While onward go
 The weary hours,
 I'm chasing birds,
 Or picking flowers.
 So don't be sad,
 O Kitchen Clock!
 If you've a mind
 Let *it* go walk.
 And folks that seem
 No joy to find,
 You have a lot
 Stored in your mind,
 Which if you let,
 Will oftenwhiles,
 Just turn your face
 From tears to smiles.

TWO BOYS .

Once there was a little boy,
 Who, when he sat at table,
 Would stuff, and stuff, and stuff, and stuff,
 As much as he was able.

The bread, and jam, and cake, and pie,
 So quick each other'd follow,
 That one could not help wondering if
 His whole inside were hollow.

But by-and-by he grew so fat
 He found it hard to walk;
 Yet still he stuffed, and grew, and puffed,
 Till he could scarcely talk.

But what befel this greedy boy
 I'm sure you'd like to know;
 One day they found him turned into
 A great big lump of dough.

And once there was another boy,
 Who, when the meal-time came,
 Would scarcely eat a single thing—
 Now, wasn't that a shame?

He'd screw his nose at wholesome food.
 Potatoes, bread, or meat;
 But sometimes nibbled gingerly
 At dishes rich and sweet.

Now, this boy got so very thin,
 That—how I hate to tell!—
 The baby took him for the rake
 And dropped him down the well.

Don't you be like those silly boys,
 And stuff or whine at table;
 Eat sensibly, and try to grow
 As strong as you are able.

THE THUNDER

When de win' is wild an' roarin',
 An' de rain comes comes down a-pourin',
 An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' every toof;
 Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
 Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
 An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin'
 Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
 An' I get all sort o'creepy—dat's de troof;
 For I feel de house a-shakin',
 An' I lie dere all a-quakin',
 'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't stop it,
 When I'm big I'll make him drop it,
 An' he'll have to show de quickness of his hoofs;
 For if he don't skedaddle
 I will show him dere's a lad'll
 'bout de man who rolls ol' bar'ls down people's roofs.

THREE CHEERS FOR CANADA

Three cheers for Canada,
 The land of lands the best,
 The land our fathers died to free
 The land their toilings blessed;
 The land by nature loved,
 And lavishly adorned;
 The land where freedom folds her wings,
 And tyranny is scorned.

Three cheers for Canada
 We give them with a will,
 Our country claims our dearest love
 Her calls our pulses thrill.
 All eager for the fray,
 No war-cloud terrifies,
 Nor foeman daunts the loyal heart
 That in each bosom lies.

Three cheers for Canada,
 May peace hold sway supreme,
 And Plenty fill her stores with grain;
 Her waters richly teem.
 The God of Nations guard
 Our land from every blight,
 And aid her sons to keep her name
 Aglow with spotless light.



IN GOD'S CATHEDRAL

In God's Cathedral there is naught but praise ;
 The columned firs arise in stately trust,
 And bear the azure dome with quiet thrust,
 Their plummy capitals in light ablaze ;
 Below in shade the younger hemlocks raise
 A pale green mist like incense-smoke that must
 Bear upward from repentant, yearning dust
 Some prayer for pardon and for hope that stays.
 The faithful ferns have spread their pleading palms,
 And listen as the organ-wind resounds,
 While choral birds chant sweet their holy psalms ;
 All passion flees, and peace alone abounds.
 To God's Cathedral bring no jarring tone ;
 Heart of my soul, bow thou before the throne !



READY FOR TEA

Miss Ethel Van Arler
sits up in her parlor

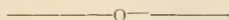
With manners engaging and free;
She is dressed very neatly,
And her table's completely
Set out for afternoon tea.

She expects Mrs. Potter
To come with her daughter;
Her guest from Vancouver, as well,
And Hilda Van Stinger,
The pretty young singer,
And Frances and Eleanor Bell.

The two Misses Buntry,
Old maids from the country,
Are sure to assemble on time;
And Old Lady Bailey,
Who dresses so gaily,
Will bounce in just looking so prime.

The tall Miss McGuire,
And fat Miss Tilly Myer,
(A regular Miss Mutt, and Miss Jeff)
Will come with their knitting,
As proper and fitting;
Because the poor things are both deaf.

The ladies will chatter;
 The dishes will clatter,
 And quite a nice hubbub ensue.
 Then the tea, and the toast!
 And the cakes! (Ethel's boast)
 I wish I were going. Don't you?

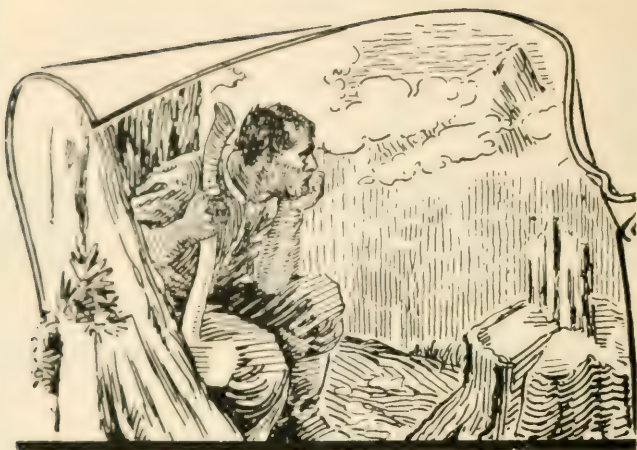


DRIFTWOOD

Bleached white by scorching suns, it lies
 Beside the roaring, restless deep,
 Like gaunt, grim spectres of a dream
 All scattered in a frozen sleep.

Whence came these fragments? What sweet glade
 First smiled upon their verdant birth?
 Alas! Who knows? But here they lie,
 Far-gathered from the ends of earth.

And are they useless? Is their force
 All spent and gone with gladder days?
 Go, ask the seaside cottager
 Who warms him in the cheering blaze.



THE DREAMER

All day long his axe has rung
 Echoing wide the woods among;
 One by one trees tall and proud
 Low before his strokes have bowed.

Now the day draws near its close
 When the cutter campward goes;
 But before he leaves the place,
 Sits he still and dreams a space.

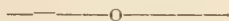
Where gaunt stumps fill up the scene,
 Spread the meadows fair and green,
 Smiling in the peaceful light
 Round a cottage clean and white.

Close beside the open gate
 Wife and children, longing, wait
 To welcome in their loving way
 The father from his weary day.

Rising slow, the woodman sighs,
 And tender smiles suffuse his eyes;
 Soit yet is his the precious boon,
 But him and axe will win them soon.

LITTLE PIG

A fat little pig got into a bowl,
And then down the hill he started to roll;
When he came to the vale, he stuck screaming there,
With his head in a hole, and his tail in the air.



DICK THE DANCER

Dicky was a dancer;
He danced both day and night;
One time he danced so very hard,
He danced clean out of sight.

COLUMBUS

He dared and won, and winning, dared again;
 He won and lost, and losing dared anew;
 For naught could daunt his spirit staunch and true,
 Nor dim his faith in God and brother men.

Where others saw a waste, his vision's ken
 Scanned a wide way to realms of larger view,
 And while the vision lured him on to do,
 He needs must follow; though he perish then.

Fetters and bars and base ingratitude,—
 World's signet-marks to pledge his manly worth,—
 But served to steel his purpose, and prelude
 The glorious fame that knows eternal birth.
 Thy woes, Columbus, and men's actions rude
 Have sealed thy deeds upon the hearts of earth.

THE INQUISITIVE WIND

"Who-are-you?" cried the wind one night,
As it flustered and blustered around the house,
And blew through the keyhole, and flickered the light;
Then crept away as still as a mouse.

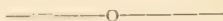
"Who-are-you?" and back it came,
With whirl, and swirl, and clatter, and clash,
Till little Tommy cuddled in bed,
Was much afraid the window would smash.

"Who-are-you?" shrieked the wind again.
This time it came by the chimney way;
And a little voice called, "I'm Tommy Jones,
And I've been a good little boy all day."

"Good-for-you!" called the wind once more;
"A boy like you will surely do;"
And tiny Tommy went off to sleep,
And heard no more the "Who-are-you?"

REVERSES

As Life links out successive laps,
Old Fortune deals us sundry raps;
But, as a rule,
They're good for us, just like the taps
We get at school.



FLOWER IN THE RAIN

Little flower in the rain,
I see you through my window pane;
The rain can't make me very sad,
Because I see it makes you glad.



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The Three Kings, and
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